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SETMA,

# THE TURKISH GIRL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

DR. BARTH.



PHILADELPHIA :  
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION,  
1334 CHESTNUT STREET

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## PREFACE.

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DEAR CHILDREN: I am told that you desire another of my stories, and want one suited to little girls as well as to boys. I am glad, therefore, to be able to tell you a beautiful story, which is also true, about a Turkish maiden. Perhaps you have heard of the 'Turks as a fierce and cruel people, but the little girl of whom I am about to tell you was gentle and good, and had far more fear of Christians than you can have of the Turks. However, you shall read the story, and if it does not please you, I shall be disappointed, and will try and do better another time, for my great desire is to please you and do you good. Nor will I be satisfied if you are only entertained. I hope you will follow Setma's exam-

ple, and seek the Saviour early, for such children he is ready to bless. How happy should I be if my little book were blessed to your conversion! With the earnest prayer that you may be led by it to love the children's best Friend, I remain, with a loving greeting,

Ever yours, sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.

# SETMA, THE TURKISH GIRL.

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## CHAPTER I.

### SETMA AND GULY IN BELGRADE.

ON the borders of the Turkish Empire, near Austria, where the river Save flows into the Danube, lies the great commercial town and fortress Belgrade, also called Grecian Weissenburg. There are thirty thousand inhabitants, and one hundred Turkish mosques or houses for worship within its walls. The inhabitants are for the most part Servians, but there are also many Turks, as it is under Turkish

rule, although it has been several times conquered by the Christians.

In this city, in the year 1671, was born the little girl whose story you are about to read in this book. Her parents, who were Mohammedans, gave her the name of Setma.

Her father was a merchant named Osmann, who possessed considerable property and was engaged in shipping interests on the Danube. He had the position of a bashi, or upper commissary, and was held in great esteem, because he had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, as well as to Mecca, the birth-place of Mohammed. He was on that account called Hadji Osmann.

Now Setma shall speak for herself:

My childhood was passed in strict



seclusion, and I saw very little society, for my father was a stern and serious man, and my mother died before I was three years old. I was committed to a trustworthy slave, somewhat advanced in years, who also took charge of the house.

I was not taught to read or to write, and was only instructed in some prayers and phrases familiar to Mohammedans, while I was also taught some womanly work.

My father had a slave from Bohemia, from whom, as a pastime, I learned German. Ah, who would then have thought that I should find it so useful? But God's ways with the children of men are mysterious, and he often prepares them beforehand for a future which they little

anticipate. Before the weaver begins his work, the many-coloured threads are prepared with which it is to be interwoven, but he only knows beforehand where they are to be placed, and what the pattern will be.

I had a playmate of my own age, named Guly, whom I saw daily, and for whom I had a most tender affection. We spent our time together in childish sports, for we were not able to read about God or holy things, even could we have understood them. Oh how happy are Christian children, who in their earliest years are taught about the Saviour, and know also many beautiful stories of which the Bible is full! They can spend their time far more profitably, if they would only do so.

How pleasant it would have been for us to hear stories about Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, the Saviour himself and his apostles. Then time would never have seemed long to us. We were happiest when my father, having left home on business, committed me to the care of the trusty slave before mentioned, who delighted us with many tales and fables. They were not pious stories, but there was always a moral attached to them. I remember one to which we always eagerly listened: it was

THE FABLE OF THE FROG AND THE  
DORMOUSE.

For many years, a little dormouse, with white feet and bright eyes, lived in a tiny hole at the foot of a rock.

The little children who came from the neighbouring huts to play on the soft moss under the rocks could not see the hole, for a branch of ivy hung over it, and as the ivy remained green throughout the year, the dormouse had a quiet and safe shelter.

Not far from the dormouse, in a marshy place under the rock, lived a family of frogs, by whose croaking through all the dark hours of the night their abode might easily be discovered, had any one been disposed to take the trouble to find them.

Now it happened once in a bright moonlight night that a company of rough boys, returning to their homes from the fields, heard by chance the croaking of the frogs, and with noisy shouts commenced to throw stones

among them. This so stirred the little community that they fled away as fast as they could, and one of them took flight to the dwelling of the dormouse, where she sat behind the green ivy, and begged for a shelter till the danger should be past.

The dormouse, as soon as she had heard the story, bade the frog welcome, and said that though her house was small, the half of it was at his service.

The frog was very thankful for this kind offer, and crouched down in a corner, waiting quietly till the alarm should be past. By and by nothing was heard in the woods but the chirping of a cricket which lived near by, and the plashing of the water from the rock above.

As his fear subsided, the frog, according to custom, began to expand and give himself his full dimensions.

“In truth, Neighbour Dormouse,” said he, “you have a very cosy dwelling-place, although it is not large enough for us two, otherwise I would not mind spending the rest of my days here.”

“Yes,” said the dormouse, “the place is very good, and has long been in possession of our family.”

“Really,” continued the frog, “I wish it were a little larger, for I am afraid that you’ve already scarcely room in your corner.”

Thereupon he began to swell out the folds of his skin to such an extent that the dormouse was pushed to the wall; and seeing that it would be in

vain to enter into a contest with so hateful a reptile, she left her hole, travelled the greater part of the night, and by morning reached the dwelling of her brother, who lived at the other end of the forest.

Meanwhile, the frog took up his abode in her deserted home, in a corner of which he found her store of provisions laid up for winter use. Upon these he feasted until he became so large that he could no longer make his way through the opening of the hole. By and by it was filled up with broken pieces of stone and earth falling from the rock above; and as the trickling water had properties which made it as hard as iron, the frog remained buried as in a grave, without any air, for thirty years.

At that time his tomb was opened by a man who was breaking the rocks for limestone, when, on being restored to the light, he breathed for a few moments and then died.

I did not at this time understand the story, and was only amused, without thinking of the moral; but I have often since thought of it, when considering the injustice of men toward each other; and have noted too the punishment of the ungrateful who wrest away the rights of their benefactors to their own temporary advantage.

In such a case, I have said to myself, "Ah, you poor ignorant and misguided man, you have never heard of the unfortunate frog!"

Thus I lived in happy childhood



until my eleventh year, when I experienced my first great sorrow. My father became very sick, and I was told that his recovery was impossible. I was inconsolable, for, although he was a stern man, I was fondly attached to him, and could not bear the idea of losing him. I often kneeled by his bedside and wept and prayed. He was submissive and resigned to his fate.

“Every man,” said he, “has his appointed hour, and cannot escape it. Mine has come, and I do not fear it. Allah Akbar!” that is, God is great.

My father comforted himself with the idea that, having made a pilgrimage to Mecca, he could not fail of everlasting happiness. As I became better acquainted with the true re-

ligion, I was very unhappy about his eternal condition, but I found comfort at last in submission to God's will. Seven days after the commencement of my father's illness he died. After his burial, my brother took charge of his business and the household affairs.

Things went on in the old way. Guly came to see me daily, and we passed most of our time together.

Scarcely a year, however, elapsed before a terrible war commenced. A Turkish army advanced against Vienna and besieged the city for nine weeks; they were at last repulsed, and driven back in rapid marches to Belgrade. They brought with them many Christian prisoners, at sight of whose sad faces even Turkish hearts were

moved to pity. But all this was more of an entertaining spectacle to me than an object of serious consideration. One day followed another without variety in our little circle: I had few troubles, and the only idea that disturbed my mind was the fear of separation from my beloved Guly, whom I loved as a sister.

This is all that I can remember of my childhood till I had attained my seventeenth year. At that time I was betrothed by my brother, whom I obeyed implicitly, to a friend of his, an officer of the Janissaries, whose high position in the army and state made the match desirable. I did not know him, and even had I been unwilling, resistance was out of the question; thus I was forced to sub-

mit. My greatest trial in connection with this change was the conviction that the intercourse between my cherished Guly and myself must cease for ever. But how different was the case!

My brother had resolved that the wedding should be postponed till after his return from a business excursion to Tiflis and Ispahan, upon which he started in the month of June, 1688. I took leave of him, little thinking I should never see him again.

Belgrade was soon besieged, and the Germans were already advancing under their daring leader, Maximilian Emanuel. At first, the Turks felt no apprehension, and thought it impossible that the city should be taken, so that no one felt it necessary to leave.

But on the tenth of August it became evident that the Germans were in earnest in their intentions of conquest, and permission was generally granted to seek safety by flight. Many carried their possessions to the ships and sailed with them across the Danube. The streets were filled with fugitives flying from the revengeful sword of the Christians.

But the half had not escaped before a terrible and sudden storm drove the ships back to the harbour, where they must tarry until it should be possible to load them and re-embark.

I was among the fugitives who were obliged to return to the city; with two slaves and an attendant I had left my home, carrying nothing with me but a box of gold coins and a casket

of jewels. I arrived at the harbour too late to embark, and when I had completed arrangements with the captain of another ship, the storm rose and drove me back to the city. It was a night of anguish, and sleep fled from my eyes. The storm raged with increasing violence, and had it not ceased before morning, there would have been reason to fear that the only way of escape hitherto open would be entirely closed.

However, toward midnight there was a calm, and my hopes and courage rose: minutes seemed hours till day should dawn, when I was to leave the house and hasten to the harbour.

Meanwhile, I made my way to the house of my friend Guly, whose family had at last determined to take flight.

But, alas! news had arrived which filled the hearts of the fugitives with dread. The Germans had already surrounded and invested the city; no further way of escape presented itself, and each one must await his fate from the conquerors.

Thus we remained, deprived of all hope, and about to fall into the hands of the Christians, whose revenge the Turks might justly fear in view of their cruelty to them.

Ah poor, short-sighted men, who are so often overburdened with vain anxieties! How desolate they who, without a knowledge of the true God, are overwhelmed with darkness and every trouble! Such was my condition at that time. God, who in great mercy designed better things for me,

made escape impossible, while I was distressed and unhappy in view of my situation. He meant to provide for me a great deliverance in rescuing me from the fetters and chains of darkness, binding me fast only in the cords of love. Blessed be his name for ever!



## CHAPTER I.

### THE VISIT IN VIENNA.

ON the eleventh of August the siege of the city began, and as I was at that time living in the suburbs, I was obliged to change my quarters, seeking refuge on the other side of the water, in the house of my friend Guly. That was a time of great fear and anguish, when terrible tidings came in from all quarters, and days without rest and nights without sleep followed each other in quick succession—when every one was daily expecting instant death. Oh could I then have prayed, how differently I might have felt!

After the first day of the siege the anguish and distress increased daily. All accounts from the approaching enemy convinced us that the city would shortly be taken. Finally, on the sixth of September, notwithstanding the despairing resistance of the Turks, the city and fortress were stormed, and all that came first in the way of the conquerors was destroyed.

As the portion of the city where we lived was farthest from the attack, we were kept longer in dread. Ever nearer came the cry of the conquerors and the wail of the prisoners and dying. I had no expectation that my life would be spared, and my only desire was not to fall into the hands of the enemy as a slave.

But what I most dreaded came to

pass. An officer of rank having found me, seized me by the hand and drew me away with him in great haste. I passed through crowds of men and horses, over the wounded and dead, through pools of blood, into the slavery I dreaded a thousand-fold more than death.

You can easily conceive my consternation and terror. Several times I endeavoured to escape through the crowd, and would far rather have been trodden under foot by the horses than become the slave of a Christian.

But, unwilling as I was, I was obliged to follow, and at last, covered with the blood of strangers and held fast by my captor, I was brought to his temporary abode.

Thus I was a slave among a people

whom I abhorred, not only because a hatred of their religion was implanted in childhood, but because I saw and heard enough daily to convince me that, although they boasted of their Christianity, they were scarcely better than Turks, while many gave themselves up to the worst crimes.

This fact naturally impressed me, as well as many others of our nation, with the conviction that their religion was false, and that they were indeed far from the fear of the true God.

Afterward I became acquainted with others who were worthy of the name of Christians, and by whose example I was led to take different views of the true religion.

In the mean while I had no choice, and was obliged to accompany him

whom God had appointed as my master wherever he went.

As the prince of Bavaria, after the conquest of Belgrade, returned to his residence at Munich, I was forced to follow the rapid marches of the troops, and this same fall was conducted by my master, Lieutenant-Colonel Burget, through Austria to the city of Landshut.

On the way, he paid a short visit to his brother, who lived in Vienna, the capital of Austria, which is called Beks by the Turks.

His brother was an imperial counsellor, and lived in a street not far from the Corinthian gate. Here I first became acquainted with a Christian worthy of the name. He was an old man, a secretary of the legation,

who lived in the house of the counselor, and had been in his service many years.

He was daily at the table, and I understood enough German to know that he was a man of noble principles, who had seen the hand of God in all his experience of life, and gave him the glory for all his deliverances. This was something new and strange to me, and I was careful not to lose a word that was spoken by the good old man.

Once, when it was remarked that the plague had appeared in many parts of the Turkish dominions, he narrated some of his own experiences, which made on our minds a grave impression of the horrors of this visitation.

“For twenty years,” said he, “I

was secretary of legation in London, and while there the terrible plague appeared which cost so many their lives. This malady made no discrimination, and in a short time raged among the hitherto strongest men. Sometimes both men and women fell dead in the market-place, for many who were attacked by the plague did not know it till the breath was leaving the body. People fell down suddenly on the streets and roads without any premonition, and died upon the spot. Others had time only to seek the shelter of a porch or shed, before they lay down to die. These occurrences were so frequent that but few were seen walking, while here and there dead bodies lay on the ground. At first, passers-by stood

still at sight of a corpse and summoned the neighbours to the spot. Afterward, the fear of each one about his own safety was so great that no further notice was taken of one. Should any one encounter a corpse, he crossed the street to avoid it, and if the street was too narrow to admit of it, he turned aside into another. There the corpses remained till the police were notified to remove them, or until they were taken up by the carts that by night went the rounds of the city.

“In my walks I encountered many horrible scenes; the bodies of the dead lying on all sides, while the cry of mortal anguish rose from many open windows.

“One day, as I passed through Tokenhouse yard, a window-shutter was



violently pushed aside, while a woman standing behind cried, 'Ah! Death! Death! Death!' in heart-piercing tones that made me shudder. No one on the same street opened a window, for all curiosity was at an end.

"I knew a family of ten persons at Whitechapel; they were to all appearance well on Monday, and by Saturday all were dead and the house deserted. I met with a strange experience one evening as I was passing over City Road. It was already twilight, and a heavy mist prevented my seeing ten steps ahead. I was belated and hurried on, that I might reach my dwelling-place before daylight should have entirely disappeared. Suddenly, I saw in advance of me a form which appeared to move and then

remained standing. On near approach I found it was a man endeavouring to raise from the ground the body of another, who was to all appearance dead. I called out to him, 'Friend, do you know what you are doing? If you touch the body of any one who has died of the plague, it will cost you your life.' The man drew himself up and answered me in a hollow voice, 'Comrade, do not concern yourself on my account; I have once already died of the plague, and it can do me no more harm, but this poor man has been sharply attacked.'

“The voice sounded so deep, its tone was so strange, the place so still and the surroundings so singular, while prominent in the midst the figure stood alone, that it seemed to me a

question whether I was not conversing with a being from the other world. While I was considering the circumstances, the tall, spectral-looking body fell to the earth with a great cry, and was also dead. Afterward, I was told that he was a poor crazed being, who, having eluded his watchers, sought an opportunity to escape to the streets. There he was afterward found by his keepers, another victim to the plague.

“ Lord Craven lived at this time in London ; his house was in that portion of the city since known as Craven Buildings. As the plague was universal, he resolved to leave the city and retire to his country-seat, in order to avoid the danger.

“ He passed through his house, his hat on his head, and drawing on his

gloves, was about to enter his coach, when he overheard his coachman, who was a negro, say to another follower : ‘I think my lord is leaving London to escape the plague, because his God lives in the country, and not in the town.’ The poor black said this in the simplicity of his heart, really thinking that there were different deities for different places.

“This remark made such an impression on Lord Craven that he remained in London, where he was both useful and active in this hour of distress, God having in great mercy preserved him in life and health.”

Thus spoke the secretary, adding, “Let us pray God that he preserve us from this dreadful pestilence, which our sins might justly bring upon us.”

How gladly would I have opened my heart to this good man had circumstances permitted and our stay in Liebenzell been longer! But after three days I was obliged to leave this resting-place and resume my sad journey. Oh how trying it was to be carried still farther away from my native land, with no hope of return or of meeting with those dear to me! I was to dwell also among a people for whom I had the greatest aversion, and from whom I could expect nothing but contempt and ill-treatment.

As we left Venice, the streets were resounding with popular songs about the conquest, which wounded me sorely, and which my stay in Lands-hut was not calculated to make me forget.

My master was a well-meaning and upright man, but his wife, born in Bavaria, led a dissipated life, indulged in wine, and maltreated me beyond measure. How often I sighed for deliverance, and it seemed as if no ear was open to my cry!

I found nowhere a friend or confidant to whom I could open my heart, and Guly—ah! I had almost forgotten to speak of her fate.

We had clasped each other in close embrace, resolved to die together, when Lieutenant-Colonel Burget rushed in and seized me. At the same time another officer took possession of Guly, and, despite her cries and tears, dragged her away from me. I did not see her afterward, and this pierced me to the heart.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE BAILIFF IN LIEBENZELL.

IT was during that same winter that war broke out in the district of the Upper Rhine, and the prince of Bavaria was the first who took the field against the French. I was obliged to accompany my master and his wife, in whose service I remained, to Swabia, where, in the duchy of Würtemberg, we took our station in the year 1689. I saw then for the first time the place where so many blessings awaited me. Our course lay through Wurzburg and Heilbronn,

to Pforzheim, and from thence to Liebenzell, a little town in Würtemberg. There I was to remain during the absence of my master, who would not be able to return while the conflict lasted, and in the mean while I was placed in the family of the bailiff, or justice, of the place, named Frisch.

Now I was for a time released from my captivity, and could breathe freely. The town lay in a deep, narrow valley of the Black Forest, beside a small stream, and was built on the sides of a hill, crowned with the picturesque ruins of an old castle.

Here, during the whole year, it is quiet and peaceful. The principal road, which passes through the valley from Calw and Hirschau, is not very



lively. On all sides steep mountains rise, crowned with white pine and oak, lifting their tops heavenward, and the town is only frequented in summer, on account of the baths which are found there.

But my greatest interest was from my first experience in a really Christian family. In Vienna I had but a passing acquaintance with one; here I had opportunity to observe on all sides the beautiful picture of a Christian family circle. From this time dated my first favourable impressions of the religion of Christ.

The preaching which I heard from pastor Mack and his assistant Moseder, as well as the affection I entertained for the family of the good bailiff, for the first time impressed me

with the idea that a Christian was better than a Turk, and kindled in my mind a desire to become one.

Above all things, I longed to know God's word, for I had heard this passage read in the church: "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed, and the truth shall make you free." This saying gave me great joy, for what is more joyful to a prisoner than the promise of liberty? But of the freedom of which Christ speaks I then knew nothing. I had therefore the greatest curiosity to read the New Testament through.

True, I heard many portions of it in the church, and it was a family custom to read a chapter every day, but this did not satisfy me—I must drink at the fountain.

Alas, however, there was one great difficulty! I could not read, but I was not ashamed to learn, and begged the daughter of the bailiff to teach me. I took it up with such zeal and earnestness that in a few weeks I could begin to satisfy my desire.

Oh how indescribably glad was I to find opening up before me riches hitherto concealed!

There was, indeed, much that I could not understand, but I found some one to whom to apply for instruction; this was the sister of the bailiff, the wife of Doctor Sommerell of Stuttgart.

During the summer months she made use of the baths in Liebenzell, and stayed with us. She was like a mother to me, and won through her affection my entire confidence; so that

I could ask her all that I could not understand without hesitation, which was of untold advantage to me.

I was also very much interested in the lovely children of the bailiff, who were exceedingly intelligent and original. We were often amused at their childish speeches, many of which I still remember.

Theodore, who was but five years old, awaked one morning unusually early, when his father was about to set out for Wildbad. It was a lovely day in April; the sun had already risen, and was shining brightly in the heavens.

“Why has the sun waked up so early, papa?” said Theodore; “did he rise on purpose to light you to Wildbad?”

At another time, while walking in the evening, as the moon was hidden behind a cloud, the star Jupiter being near it, Theodore said, "See, papa, the moon is going to catch that star."

Once, when his grandmother was suffering, he asked, "Why are you sick?" She replied:

"The good God alone knows why."

"Can we not ask him?" he continued.

"No," answered his grandmother; "we must always be satisfied with what God does, without reasons."

"But," added the little boy, "will not the good God tell us when we get to heaven why he made us sick here?"

"Oh," was the reply, "we shall be

so happy with God in heaven that we will not care to know."

Little Lina, an intelligent but somewhat wilful child, asked her mother: "Why do you reprove me so much, when visitors only praise me?"

At one time, when she saw the nurse shaking her apron into the fire, she said to her,

"Regina, do you not know that the good God takes care of sparrows, and will he not be displeased when you waste so many crumbs of bread that might give them a breakfast?"

She said to her grandfather, who had difficulty in hearing: "Grandfather, is it not because you are so old that you cannot hear well? Yet you are not older than the great God, and he hears everything!"

Thus I was daily entertained by them, and my happiest hours were when taking charge of them.

The bailiff also had two boys—one of whom was nine and the other eleven years old. Their merriment was almost always good-natured, and when their spirits carried them to excess, one word of parental counsel ensured obedience.

One beautiful afternoon in May we took a walk of perhaps a mile to bid farewell to a good old man who seemed near his end.

We were all on our return, sobered by the impression made upon our minds at the deathbed of a faithful servant of Christ.

As the rays of the setting sun lingered on the landscape, our hearts

rose in gratitude for the manifestation of a greater light which filled the heart of the dying man whom we had but just left.

Occupied with serious thoughts, we walked quietly through the deep valley, along the stream, when we encountered two noisy boys, making merry at the expense of a poor old man, whose faded brown coat was patched in many places with white linen.

The two boys were about to laugh, when a sharp look from their father arrested them. After a few moments he said, "Children, why is it wrong to laugh at a poor old man?"

"We did not laugh at the man, but at his coat," answered Ernst.

"How so?" continued the father;



“if the coat is ridiculous, so must the man be who wears it.”

“But,” said Gottfried, “the man cannot find another perhaps, and had no cloth with which to mend it.”

“Therefore,” replied the bailiff, “neither the man nor his coat should be derided. The poor man cannot do other than patch his coat, which, without it, would be useless. Tell me, what would be the better feeling.”

The boys were much ashamed, and answered together: “We should pity the poor man, and try to help him.”

“And now tell me,” said their father, “whether there is not a story in the Bible to remind us of this circumstance?”

Gottfried said, “Oh, you are think-

ing of the wicked boys of Bethel who laughed at the prophet."

"You are right, and when we return I will read it to you."

Ernst said, "And show us the pictures? Very good."

When we reached home, the book was brought and the story read, which is found in the second book of Kings, and with which I hope my young readers are familiar.

Sometimes the bailiff made a visit to his friend, pastor Roth, in Möttlingen, a little village eastward from Liebenzell. He had then been pastor of the village for nineteen years, and remained for twenty-nine years after. It was the bailiff's custom to take all his family with him upon these occasions, and, as I was considered one of

them, I always accompanied them on the visit.

This was a source of great delight to me, as pastor Roth was a most instructive and entertaining man. I had, too, such confidence in him that I felt at liberty to communicate all my thoughts and feelings to him.

He understood me equally well, and always had something instructive to impart. On one occasion he asked me whether I knew what was the custom of the peasant women of that region before going to bed. I answered no, and he continued :

“ In order to prevent the necessity of making a new fire in the morning, they gather the glowing coals together at night and cover them with ashes, so that they may find them still alive

when they are ready to use them. So, when you retire to bed, you should ask God to gather together holy emotions in your heart, that your first waking thoughts may be of him."

This advice I followed, and derived from it great peace and comfort in communion with the Saviour.

At another time I intimated to him how sad it would be for me when I must return to the service of my former master, where only derision and contempt awaited me upon my avowal of my faith in Jesus, and how I should long for the Christian instruction and companionship enjoyed in my last home in such rich measure.

On this occasion he told me, for my encouragement in steadfastness, the history of the young martyr,

## CYRYLLUS.

In Cæsarea, in the year 258 after Christ, a child named Cyryllus manifested uncommon fortitude. He called upon the name of Christ continually, and neither blows nor ill-treatment availed to force him into renouncing Christianity.

Children of his own age soon followed his example, and his father drove him from the house, on account of which many people applauded his zeal for his false religion.

The judge summoned the child before him and said :

“ My child, I will pardon you, and your father will receive you again, if you are only wise enough to renounce your errors.”

“I think but little of the offer,” answered the child: “God will receive me. It matters not to me that I am turned out of my earthly dwelling; there remains for me a better home. I do not fear death, for it will open to me a better life.”

After he had, by the grace of God, made this good confession, he was bound and led to execution.

The humanity of the judge prompted him to fresh remonstrances, while he hoped that the sight of the blazing fagots would shake the resolution of the child.

“Your fire and your sword are trifles,” said the young martyr. “They can only take me to a glorious home and to exceeding riches. Let me rather die, that I may possess them.”

The spectators wept, overcome by their emotions, while he said to them, "You know not what hope I enjoy, nor the city I am going to dwell in."

Thus he went to his death, and was the wonder of the whole community.

Out of the mouth of babes has God perfected praise!

I was ashamed of my weakness and fearfulness upon hearing this, but I could not think of separation from the family at Liebenzell without a shudder, and I saw no escape from the distressing change.

The autumn passed but too quickly: the troops were no longer required for field-service, and my master went into winter quarters in Bavaria.

I was obliged to accompany him,

and was only sustained in the heart-breaking separation from my friends by the hope of seeing them when the war should again open.



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ESCAPE FROM TYRANNY.

WHAT I so much desired happened but in part. The war commenced early in the spring, and I was obliged to accompany the Lieutenant-Colonel to Würtemberg; this time, however, we did not go to Liebenzell, but to the little town of Weil, generally known as Weilerstadt, where he left me with his wife.

There I was in an unhappy condition indeed: no friend or adviser to whom I could impart my troubles, no Bible from which to obtain comfort.

How gladly would I have made

but a short visit to pastor Roth in Möttingen, which is but one hour distant from Weilerstadt, but I was not permitted. I passed weary days under the oppression of my mistress, and would have given up in despair, had not God in mercy sustained me in my deepest sorrows by the remembrances of his promises.

One day, after my mistress had been unusually harsh with me, she left me alone while she went to visit some of her friends. I stood by the window and wept bitterly, crying aloud from my soul to God: "O heavenly Father, who knowest all things, canst thou see all that I suffer without sending me relief? Wilt thou not help me now, after I have called upon thee so long, and set me at liberty

from this bondage of fear and anguish? O merciful Father, pity and help me!" While thus lamenting and weeping to myself, the landlord who kept the Black Eagle where we stayed entered the room and saw my tears.

As he knew of the severity of my mistress, he at once understood the cause of my grief; and when I saw how much he pitied me, I opened my heart to him, and intimated how I longed for an opportunity to escape.

He inquired whether I had any friends in the country, and I could only name the justice in Liebenzell and his sister, Mrs. Sommerell of Stuttgart; whereupon his resolution was taken at once, as the last name was familiar to him.

Without saying a word to any one in his house, he shut me up in a room directly over the apartment of my mistress, where I could hear every word she spoke through a small opening, and could see almost as well. He bade me pay good heed to her words, which was not difficult, as she spoke Bohemian; and having taken the key, he awaited below and I above the return of my mistress. I cannot describe my state of mind in the interval: fear, anguish, hope and joy alternately had the mastery. But despairing thoughts so overwhelmed me that the impression returned for years after when alone in a closed room, only disappearing when I had attained true peace in God. At length, late in the night, my mistress returned

very much intoxicated, as I anticipated; and although as usual she called upon me, she hardly noticed my absence, and was soon in a heavy slumber. I scarcely closed my eyes during the night, and when, despite my distressing fears, sleep overcame me, I was constantly roused by frightful dreams.

The fear lest the precautions of the landlord should fail deprived me of all rest. How possible was it that I should be betrayed in my concealment, and then what trouble awaited me!

My mistress, a severe and terrible woman, would never forgive me, and my situation would be far worse than ever before.

In the morning, when she awoke, matters began to assume a serious as-

pect. She cried for me in vain; no Setma appeared. At last, she summoned the landlord, who said that no one had seen me since the afternoon of the preceding day. Then she began to examine into the position of affairs, and I shuddered to hear her rave and swear while she set on foot inquiries in every direction.

It occurred to her that I could be nowhere else than at Liebenzell, and she sent messengers there without delay.

This my cautious friend had anticipated, and so advised me against retiring there.

As none of the messengers returned with news of me, her suspicions rested upon the landlord, and I heard her say to her Bohemian servant that I must be concealed in the house, which

should be searched before dawn from top to bottom. This I communicated to the landlord when he came to bring me my food, and he was somewhat disconcerted by it. At midnight, however, when the house was still, he returned, led me past the room of my mistress, at which I glanced with fear and trembling, out of the house to the dwelling of his mother, who lived at no great distance from the Eagle. Here we were obliged to knock for some time, although all had been arranged with the old lady.

The landlord asked me if I had any money. I had all my possessions, consisting of three florins, with me. These I handed him at once; one of them he gave to his mother, and returned the others to me as proof of his

sincerity and disinterestedness. Only from heartfelt pity had he determined to rescue me from my sad situation.

May the God who remembers the cup of cold water given to a disciple reward him in that day according to his mercy and truth!

In obedience to the landlord's instructions, I laid aside the few Turkish clothes I possessed, and put on the humble attire of a peasant girl or maid-servant. As day was dawning, we were obliged to get out of town without loss of time, and direct our steps to Stuttgart.

I passed the guards at the gate, with the help of my conductress, without difficulty, but afterward had an unexpected encounter, which terrified me exceedingly.



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We were in the open field in the neighbourhood of Magstadt, and the day had fairly dawned, when a rider approached whom I recognized as one of my master's guards.

I hardly had time in my flight to notify my old friend before she led me aside into a by-path, and the rider passed without paying any further attention to us.

Thus the merciful hand of God snatched me from danger, and I could say in the language of Scripture, "He is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."

But oh how tiresome was this journey of five long hours on foot! While living in Belgrade I had never even stood for an hour upon my feet. I had all the comforts of a rich and

distinguished person. A multitude of slaves were subject to my commands; and as Turkish ladies spend the greater part of their time in the retirement of their dwellings, my weary journey was something quite new.

Since my servitude also with Lieutenant-Colonel Burget we had generally travelled in a vehicle, and only in Liebenzell had I learned to take longer or shorter walks, from which I always returned quite weary.

And now, in unaccustomed attire, after a sleepless night, I made my first long journey on foot. My feet were soon sore, and every step caused an increase of pain. However, by evening we approached the much-desired city of Stuttgart, which, not-

withstanding my sufferings, I greeted as a place of rest and peace.

As we reached the top of a hill from which the valley and farther mountains can be discerned, it was seen clearly in the light of the setting sun. Blooming fruit trees were red with blossoms, recalling the almond trees in Belgrade. The fir trees, too, were ruddy, and still brighter seemed the vineyards. The far-off hills were bathed in a violet haze, while red clouds swam over us in the heavens, tinted, to my fancy, with the colours of freedom, the prospect of which was unspeakably joyful in the midst of all my pain.

But my troubles were not over. As we approached the Rothenbühl gate after our fatiguing journey, we were

forbidden to enter, as it was a time of war, and we were obliged to make quite a circuit before reaching the upper city gate.

It was almost impossible for me to drag my wounded feet along, but necessity compelled me; and when, almost overcome by weakness, I was about to sink down, my conductress gave me her arm and encouraged me.

But her own courage was about to be sorely tested. The outer guard of the upper gate gave us permission to pass, but the inner guard detained us, and questioned us with such severity that my companion fell back and disappeared. I never saw or heard of her afterward, but she doubtless reached home without difficulty.

Now I stood alone among the sol-

diers, while my accent bespoke me a stranger; and I know not what further trouble might have awaited me, or whether I should not have sunk down into a swoon, had not God quickly sent me help. Thus he watches over his children, for whom he designs only good, and not a hair of my head was touched.

As the soldiers were about to renew their interrogations, there came by chance, or rather by God's direction, the wife of a labourer through the gate, on her way home. She rescued me from the hands of the soldiers, whom God did not permit to detain me. I had hardly reached her humble abode before I fell down exhausted, for I was no longer able to stand on my feet. She treated me most ten-

derly, and was as kind as if she had long known me.

She prepared a bed for me, took off my clothes, and laid me down in it. Then she examined my feet, that had been so greatly overtaxed, and applied a cooling salve, which soon had the effect of allaying my intense pain.

Afterward she prepared me a good supper, and gave me a glass of wine to drink. My great fatigue soon induced sleep, and I passed a quiet night.

The good woman was alone, as her husband was working in a neighbouring town, and I was obliged to spend two days with her, keeping my bed all the time in consequence of my wounded feet.

When I had somewhat recovered



after the unremitting attentions of my kind hostess, I told her of my acquaintance with Mrs. Dr. Sommerell, and she at once took measures to let her know that I was in Stuttgart. Mrs. Sommerell came immediately to see me, and to know of all that happened since we last met. She took a lively interest in the account of my experiences, and said that I must at once return home with her.

From that time a new life dawned upon me.

This admirable woman rendered me unspeakable service both in body and soul; she treated me as a daughter, and I enjoyed a full compensation for all my former experiences of sorrow.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE HOTEL BAREN IN STUTTGART.

**T**HAT which I first asked for and most desired after reaching my new home, was a Bible. Until then, I did not own the whole Bible, or even the New Testament. Now there was an opportunity to obtain one, and my request was not denied.

Mrs. Sommerell, whom from this time I addressed as mother, gave me a pocket Bible printed in Wittenberg; and it became so dear to me that had my jewel-box from Belgrade been brought me and offered in exchange, I

would not have parted with my Bible to regain it.

The texts which, upon earlier or later reading, were blessed to me I was in the habit of underlining with a red mark. When I afterward recurred to these marked passages, they served as a memorial of answers to prayer, deliverances, warnings and humiliations; and were but so many calls to praise and thank God for past goodness, as well as warrants for greater confidence in him. My whole life, since my first knowledge of religion, stands thus displayed in striking passages: indeed many places in my Bible in later years were entirely red.

When, for instance, my eye fell upon the text, "All things work to-

gether for good to them who love God," the red line beneath recalled an hour of apprehension in Landshut, when I had lost the key of my mistress' jewel-box. At that time this verse occurred to me, and gave me so much comfort that I was able to collect my mind for a successful search. Another text, "He shall deliver the needy, and him that hath no helper," was marked as a memento of release from captivity; and the passage, "He leadeth the blind by a way they know not," recalled the time when the city of Belgrade was besieged, and I so longed for death, while God spared me that I might find eternal life through faith in his Son.

Thus my Bible became daily dearer to me, and I learned to prize it as the

greatest treasure one can possess. I wondered therefore not a little that in many houses in Christian lands this Holy Book lies covered with dust upon the shelf.

My true mother and protectress was interested in everything which concerned my personal safety, and made known my history to every one of influence.

This was of great service to me, particularly in the case of the wife of the councillor of state, who spoke on my behalf to the princess Magdalena Sybylla, then co-regent and female sovereign.

The princess promised me her protection, and showed me till her death innumerable kindnesses, for which may God abundantly reward her !

This powerful protection was well timed. Not long after my former master came to Stuttgart, and, having by some means found out that I was there, he endeavoured to regain possession of me.

One night, when Mrs. Sommerell was absent, one of his servants, whom I well knew, entered the house and threatened me severely.

I was in great fear and terror, although somewhat assured by the presence of Mrs. Sommerell's son, who was a magistrate. As soon as she returned and had heard of the circumstance, she sent at once to Madame Wachenheim, who waited upon the princess immediately, begging her to take measures to free me from the control of my former master.

The princess took the matter in hand without delay, and sent one of her chamberlains to confer with him about my purchase.

She invited him also to her table, and treated him with such kindness and condescension that he was entirely brought over, and willingly consented to my release.

His wife also was at last obliged to agree to it, although most unwillingly, as she would far rather have satisfied her revenge.

I should have been better pleased if I had not been required to see her again, but to this I was obliged to consent.

At the command of the princess, I accepted an invitation to dine at the Hotel Bären, where Lieutenant-Colonel Bur-

get and his wife were lodging, though I went with fear and trembling.

But now that I belonged to the princess, my former mistress did not dare to treat me in any other than a friendly manner. Nothing was said that made it necessary for me to say how I reached Stuttgart, and I was thus saved the necessity of mentioning the landlord of the Black Eagle, whom I felt I would not betray after his great kindness.

They asked me only what had happened since my arrival—of my employments—whether I had seen the castle, and like questions.

When I took my departure, I thanked them for all the kindness they had ever shown me, and I was quite sincere. They might have sold



me into worse slavery, or even treated me more roughly. But the Lord, my unseen guardian, watched over my steps and sheltered me with his hand, so that no evil befell me.

The worst, too, that I experienced, was doubtless necessary and beneficial, since I was led by it to prize my deliverance the more.

When I came out from the hotel, I rather flew than ran the whole road to Spitalplatz in a few minutes' time, and upon reaching home threw my arms about my benefactress and cried,

“They shall never take me away again!”

“No, thank God!” she replied. “He himself has accomplished your deliverance, and to his name be the praise.”

## CHAPTER VI.

### INSTRUCTION AND BAPTISM.

THUS I lived in daily intercourse and companionship with true Christians, although I had not openly professed their faith.

This could not longer continue, when I believed not only in God, but in his Son Jesus Christ, and had experienced in many ways the sustaining and comforting influences of his word. Accordingly, I expressed to my motherly friend my wish to be baptized and to be received into the Christian Church; for this she had

waited, and joyfully participated in my desire.

Her son, who was at that time preaching in Stuttgart, and afterward settled in Urach, where he died, undertook my daily instruction in the doctrines of the Christian faith; and the blessedness of these hours of instruction, begun and ended with prayer, I have never forgotten, and I trust will never lose sight of.

The word of God became so clear to me through his explanations that I had more enjoyment than ever in reading it, and was always sorry when household duty, which could not be put aside, interfered with my attendance upon his readings.

He was not only clear, but original in his mode of teaching, and I was

much struck with some of his views. When alluding to the decrees of God concerning the world, he dwelt particularly upon his attributes, as displayed in his dealings with men. These he illustrated by examples which appeared almost contradictory. For instance, the flood, which carried away the wicked in the time of Noah—the fire which overwhelmed the ungodly in Sodom and Gomorrah—were not only examples of the just severity of God, but of his mercy; for said he, God took the guilty away from the possibility of sinning further, and so increasing their condemnation.

In the case of Pharaoh, he affirmed that not only divine power, but love also was displayed; for had Pharaoh opened his heart to right impressions

in view of the wonderful works of Jehovah, he would have been brought to repentance and a saving knowledge of the true God.

On the contrary, not only love and grace are displayed in pardoning sin, but justice also, according to the verse in the first epistle of St. John, "If we confess our sins, God is *faithful* and *just* to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all iniquity."

For the Saviour my teacher entertained a profound and child-like reverence, and an earnest, heartfelt affection. I never heard him say, as is customary, "The Lord Jesus," or "The Lord Jesus Christ." He justly considered that the term "Lord," when used with reference to Christ, was not a title such as we employ for the great,

but that its significance was deeper, as the government of the world is committed to him.

He said instead, with affectionate appropriation, "Our Lord Jesus," or "Our Lord Christ."

He held true Christians and the Church of God, composed of all true believers, in great reverence, but Christians must be such as could have saved the cities of Sodom, when Abraham appealed to the Ruler of the world on its behalf. "Were the Church composed of such, the world would feel its influence, and must look about for a prop should it be broken up."

At one time, when speaking of the love of truth, he contrasted the examples of Christ before the high priests

and Pilate, and Peter at the fire of coals. He then asked, "When is falsehood allowable?" Quite surprised and unprepared for his question, I answered, "When necessity compels."

Q. That we will inquire into. What is falsehood in the sight of the God.

A. A sin.

Q. What must also be permitted, if your answer was correct?

A. Sins of necessity.

Q. Is that possible?

A. No.

Q. Why not?

A. Because all sin is forbidden.

Q. When, for example, one is in need, and steals in order to save his life, is that also a sin?

A. Why not? He should rather have asked help.

Q. If he has done it in vain ?

A. Then he should have asked God to supply his want.

Q. What must accompany prayer ?

A. Faith.

Q. Had the poor man trusted in God, would he have committed this sin ?

A. No ; it was because he lacked faith.

Q. Another example. A Holland ship-captain, Wilhelm Isbrand Bontekor, lost his vessel by fire in the Indian seas. He escaped with a portion of his crew in an open boat, but they forgot to take provisions with them, and they soon began to experience extreme hunger. In the greedy looks of the crew was manifested the yet unspoken intention to kill some of the



sufferers and devour their flesh. Was that allowable?

A. Oh no, for the sixth commandment indiscriminately forbids murder.

Q. But when the need was so great, and nothing else remained, was it not better that a few should be sacrificed for the preservation of the rest?

A. I believe that God will not permit any who trust in him to be driven to despair, and then it were better to die than to sin against God.

Q. Upon what is this conviction grounded?

A. Upon the belief that God has ways and means in his power which short-sighted men cannot see; and again that this earthly life is not worth so much as that a man should risk his soul to prolong it.

Q. Yes! the price of relief is too high when it involves sin, and so Bontekor thought. In the conviction that God would help him, he besought his crew to delay their bloody purpose for three days, hoping in that time to reach land, and his hope was realized. Upon what, then, are lies of *necessity*, as you say, based?

A. Upon unbelief.

Q. In how far?

A. Whoever has faith trusts that God will, according to his promise, deliver all who trust in him in their time of need.

Q. How, then, can we account for the falsehoods told by such holy men as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David?

A. They were all weak and sinful men, and we are only to copy what

was good in them. There is but One alone who did no sin, and of whom it is expressly said, Neither was guile found in his mouth. When holy men have recourse to falsehood, it is in a moment of unbelief; Jesus was always strong in faith, and could not be overcome by temptation.

I enjoyed these instructions somewhat longer than half a year, and by the end of that time, by the blessing of God, I was sufficiently instructed in the truths of religion to warrant my admission to the Church by baptism. This announcement gave me great joy, and I thanked God, and besought him that he would grant me the right state of mind for the reception of this holy ordinance.

At Christmas the princess sent me

a large silver medal, on one side of which was a delineation of the baptism of our Lord, and on the other the feast of Pentecost. Under the former was the inscription, "*Without measure;*" under the latter, "*Without number.*" I asked the meaning of these words, and Mrs. Sommerell replied that the terms "without measure" had reference alone to the Lord Jesus, who was abundantly filled with the Spirit, and is called the anointed Christ. The words "without number" indicate Christians who are filled with the Holy Ghost, and whose number is as the stars in heaven.

"To that countless throng will you belong," she added, "and your salvation will be doubly prized that you have been brought by the wonderful

hand of God, from among a nation where but few have as yet received so great a blessing. Let us pray that many may soon acknowledge the Crucified."

"Amen," I replied, from a full heart; "God speed the time!"

I was baptized on the sixteenth of January. We took our appointed place among the assembled crowd of worshippers, while the first verse of one of Paul Gerhard's hymns was sung:

"If God be on my side,  
Then let who will oppose."

The sermon was long, but I was so occupied with prayer, and so exercised by deep emotion, that I could take but little heed of it.

At the close of the sermon was sung the verse :

“ No joys that angels know,  
    No throne or widespread fame,  
No love or loss, no fear or woe,  
    No grief of heart or shame—  
Man cannot aught conceive,  
    Of pleasure or of harm,  
That e'er could tempt my soul to leave  
    Her refuge in thine arm.”

After this I made an open profession of faith; and so soon as I stood up, all thought of the crowd before me vanished, for I felt only the presence of God, to whom all hearts are open and who alone is Judge of their sincerity. Then I was baptized “in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost,” and called Christina Magdalena Eberhardina—to which

was afterward added the surname of Gottlieb.

The Turkish name Setma was my last surrender. Fatherland, family, friends, inheritance, religion, language, customs, clothing—I had given up all, and already found the profession of Jesus, a hundred-fold more precious, even in this life. Should I not gladly renounce my name, in order to proclaim outwardly what I inwardly desired—namely, an entire renewal? Thanks be to the God who gradually takes away from us all that is not fit for his kingdom! That was the day of my highest glory, when I left the ranks of the ungodly and was declared a child of God and heir to the inheritance of the saints in light.

We went from the church to the

castle, where the princess declared before all the assembly that she considered me now more than ever at liberty. Afteward, she begged that for the future I would remain in her service, and I accepted the proposition with humble thanks, only begging permission to retire for one day of quiet meditation. I feared that otherwise I should lose the seriousness of my impressions amid external excitement, for how easily will drops run over from a full vessel when one is running hither and thither!

I therefore sought entire seclusion in the house of my good guardian, who received me with deep joy and embraced me with motherly affection. I saw no one for the whole day, but remained alone in my room, some-



times reading a passage from the Bible, at other times a hymn; again reviving my great joy with fresh thank-offerings to the throne of grace.

The extraordinary experiences of my life, and particularly of this day, constantly recurred to me, and I found each time new reason for praising Him whose name is Wonderful. The following day, in the midst of tears and manifold thanks, I took leave of my tender guardian, and repaired to the castle, where I was committed to the care of one of the court ladies, from Wachenheim, a godly and intelligent woman, by whose instruction and example I was greatly benefited. My employment consisted chiefly in embroidery, which I had practiced constantly in my native land.

I was shown especial favour by the princess Eberhardina Luise, and with the consent of the royal mother I entered her service, and remained there till her early death. She was very lively, but truly pious, and constantly discoursed with me on the word of God and religious experience.

The early death of this admirable princess was a cause of deep sorrow throughout the royal family, and was a great blow to me, not only in view of her condescending kindness, but her personal interest. The costly gifts which she left me in token of gratitude for my small services could not modify my grief. Another new experience was the means of rousing me.

## CHAPTER VII.

### AN EARLY FRIEND RESTORED.

I WAS now transferred to the service of the queen-mother, my greatest benefactress. Not long after this, a person came from Saxony with high recommendations, who was called Christiana Maria Weisse. I was much attracted by her appearance as she stood among the ladies of the court, and when we were alone I spoke of my pleasure in view of our future service together. She expressed the same, adding that it seemed to her as though we had been years to-

gether before, and had been separated only for a season. "Guly!" I exclaimed, and she "Setma!" at the same moment, when we were locked in each other's arms in close embrace.

The impression of my former life, so vividly depicted to me by this meeting, caused me to weep bitterly, and for a little while not a word was spoken. Guly wept also, but collected herself sooner, saying, "I will tell you my story at another time; you are not yet able to hear it."

I was roused by this, and now only one thing came into my mind to moderate my great happiness.

I desired to know as soon as possible whether Guly was truly a Christian, with a heart full of love to the Saviour. When once assured that

her experience had been like mine, and that she would prove the friend I so much needed, my joy would be full to overflowing, for even while the heart relies in God the hand seeks support.

David put his firm trust in the Lord, but had a Jonathan, and wept when he lost him. Paul, the noble martyr, mourned bitterly that all had deserted him in Rome, and that he was left alone. Who can blame me that my heart leaped for joy in view of what I might possess for the future in Guly? Ah! our seasons of sorrow do not last for ever—the morning cometh as well as the night!

One day, when we had a quiet hour, I took Guly's arm and accompanied her into the garden, where we reclined

together upon a rustic seat while she related to me her history, as follows :

“ My feelings,” said she, “ as we were separated from each other, I cannot describe, but you doubtless experienced the same.

“ I was dragged, almost senseless, to the camp of the general who had taken me prisoner. He was an aged man, mild and benevolent, and his design was to convey me to his daughter as a waiting-maid.

“ This I did not at first discover, as I understood no German, and he nothing of the Turkish dialect, but his friendly treatment, with which I was obliged to be satisfied, was contrary to my expectations.

“ The contest was soon over, and the general returned to his posses-

sions in Silesia, taking me with him to his daughter, who received me gladly.

“Her joy was, however, lessened, when she found that I could not understand her language. In the meanwhile, she undertook to teach me with great earnestness both to read and to write German. The last was more difficult than the first; however, in six months I had learned enough to make myself understood in the house, and even to read tolerably well in the Bible.

“This had been given me as a reading-book, and as I did not at first know that it was the holy book of the Christians, I read it the more eagerly, for the idea of abandoning my religion had never crossed my mind.

“The more I learned to understand what I read, the more I was pleased with the book; and when at last I came to the history of Jesus, and found out its character, the truth of God’s word and the love of it had so taken possession of me that I could not go back.

“After reading the history of the Saviour and the Acts of the Apostles, my heart was full of the conviction, ‘This is true, this is God’s word.’

“Before I had even acquired the German language, I had accepted the German religion, and before I could take an impartial view of the Christian and Mohammedan creeds, Christ had taken possession of my heart. Ah, what blessedness and joy followed this enlightenment!



“The general and his daughter remarked that I was unusually impressed, but they would not stay the free course of my awakening, and waited until I came to them with the confession that I believed in Christ, the Saviour of the world.

“They were overjoyed, and expressed their satisfaction to pastor Roth, who was established in the village adjoining their estate.

“He came to hear of my experience, and how I was brought to believe in Christ. Then he stood up; the old and much-honoured man of eighty, with snow-white hair, raised his eyes to heaven, and cried, ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen a child of Ismael whom thou hast chosen for thyself!’

“This aged servant of Christ had been much exercised on the subject of the conversion of the Mohammedans, and daily prayed that God would send his Spirit among them to open their blinded eyes.

“Thus the example of one brought to Christ was an encouragement and pledge, as it were, of the further answer to his earnest prayers.

“He took me at once in charge for instruction, and made most earnest efforts to enlighten me in the knowledge of the blessed word of God, the love of Jesus, my own sinfulness, and the everlasting blessedness of the redeemed. His words fell upon a soil well prepared; my soul was athirst to know more of Jesus and heavenly things, and I often asked questions, to

which he replied, 'You must not know all at once; keep that thou hast.'

"On Christmas I was baptized and called Maria Christina.

"I did not experience, however, then, what I expected. My heart seemed cold and unfeeling, my attention was directed to other things, and my thoughts were more forced than lively.

"I remarked it at once, sighed over my condition, and prayed fervently, but remained so. For one whole day I besought a change, and the next followed the blessing, as in a flood upon me.

"The happiness in believing so filled my heart that I could not restrain my feelings, and cried aloud for joy.

"The general said, 'Maria, take

care ; when the sky glows, rain follows soon ;' but the old clergyman replied, ' Let her rejoice and thank God for it. The children of the bride-chamber cannot fast while the bridegroom is with them. Truly, darker days may come, but it will be time enough then to mourn.'

"The good man was right, as I have often since experienced. He has rested many years in his grave, and beside him the old general. He died on the New Year's day after my baptism.

"His death was sudden, not like an oak that falls gradually to the earth, but like a lofty pine that is brought to the ground by hard blows. He died joyfully. 'If we suffer sharp pain but for an hour,' said he, 'we are apt to feel as if we had had enough of

life, and many sorrows fall to the lot of the pilgrim of earth in a life of sixty-four years. I shall make a happy exchange. My Lord and Saviour has prepared a portion for me. My sins as a man, as a soldier and as a general are all forgiven, and I have obtained pardon.'

"Then, as he saw us weeping, he said, 'Do not weep, children. It is more than a soldier can expect when he is permitted to lie upon a deathbed at his home; and besides, a dying Christian need not wish to exchange with a living king.'

"He folded his hands, closed his eyes and repeated this hymn :

I am flesh, and therefore duly  
Dust and ashes must become ;

This I know, but know as truly  
 He will wake me from the tomb,  
 That with him, whate'er betide,  
 I may evermore abide!

God himself in that blest place  
 Shall a glorious body give me ;  
 I shall see his blissful face,  
 To his heavens he will receive me—  
 To his joyful presence raise,  
 Ever upon Christ to gaze!

Then these eyes my Lord shall know,  
 My Redeemer and my Brother ;  
 In his love my soul shall glow,  
 I myself and not another !  
 Then from this rejoicing heart  
 Every weakness shall depart.

Thrill, my mortal frame, with gladness,  
 Fear not though thy vigour wane  
 Give not any place to sadness,  
 Christ shall raise the dead again,  
 When shall sound the trump of doom,  
 Piercing, rending every tomb!

Smile, then, that cold and dark grave scorning,  
 Smile at death and hell together ;

Through the free air of the morning  
To your Saviour ye shall gather ;  
All infirmity and woe  
'Neath your feet then lying low.

“ After which he slept, like a child who would wake with the coming morn.

“ After his death, his son, a merchant in Saxony, returned and took possession of his father's property. He was likewise a noble Christian man, and promised me at once a home with his sister and himself.

“ But before a year had elapsed, he approached me with the surprising request that I should become his wife. I made many objections and begged a delay.

“ Through the persuasions, however, of himself and his sister, and also

from a sincere unwillingness to dismiss him, I at last consented, and we lived most happily together.

“Three years after, my husband found it necessary, in view of many circumstances, to sell his goods in Silesia, and purchase a small property in Saxony.

“We accordingly left our former home, and almost immediately after our first day’s journey he became sick, so that we were often obliged to remain quietly on the road.

“You may judge of my heaviness of heart, and how many tears were shed by me in secret, as my prayers rose to Him who loves even when he chastises.

“But I must pass quickly over these scenes. A year after, my hus-



band died in my arms: his sister soon followed, and as he had no heirs, his property reverted to the state. I was left with a small sum of money, and being provided with letters from the duchess, I travelled to Würtemberg to seek the relatives of my husband; they were all dead. I availed myself, therefore, of my letters to apply for service here."

This was the narration of Guly, now called Maria, and I saw, with grateful acknowledgment to God, that my own experience had not been the worst. She narrated the history more fully at a later period, and I was humbled in view of her patience and submission under the many trials which God had laid upon her.

She often reproved me by her ex-

ample of patience and trust when I was repining and impatient, and I cannot express the comfort and benefit resulting from our union. Our mutual affection, implanted in childhood, increased from day to day, and we experienced in full measure the benefit of a sanctified friendship.

When the duchess retired to her estate at Riechheim, we were glad to accompany her, and leave the noisy and distracting town for the quiet country. We found many Christian people, too, whose society was congenial; in intercourse with whom we experienced great comfort.

With the approbation of the duchess we opened a small school for the benefit of the peasant girls, instructing them in sewing, knitting and em-

broidery, while we sought, above all, their spiritual benefit.

Gladly would we have remained for life in this delightful retreat, but in August, 1712, my beloved benefactress, the duchess, died, and we were obliged to return to Stuttgart.

Thus far Setma herself relates.

She held a position in the court for life, from the duke Eberhard Ludwig, by the recommendation of the duchess—lay in the year 1714 upon a sick bed, and whether she lived long after, I know not. She was liberal in her charities to the poor and sick, and consoled many of the dying by her ministrations.

Our grandparents in Stuttgart have often spoken of the good lady Gott-

liebin, and when her memory shall have passed from the earth, her deeds will still be registered in heaven.

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### HAFIS AND HIS BIBLE.

**H**AFIS was a little Turkish boy, the son of a man of good family. He was born at Damascus, but soon after his parents removed to Constantinople. They were not Christians, but strict Mohammedans, and most anxious that their son should grow up in the same faith.

When Hafis was seven years old, it was considered high time that his education should begin in earnest. His mother, therefore, placed him under a tutor, who was to teach him everything he ought to know. I am afraid he could have had little time for play,

as, besides general knowledge, he was to be taught *five* different languages, he was to learn much of the Koran by heart, and to be well instructed in what his parents considered religious truth. But Hafis was fond of learning, and by the time he was twelve years old, he had gone through the first course of study marked out for him.

The Koran is the sacred book of the Mohammedans; and, though it contains small portions of truth, it is mixed up with much error, falsehood and imposture. Hafis was reading it one day, when he came to a passage in it which states that God sent four books into the world to teach men truth; namely, the Koran, the Psalms and the Old and New Testaments. "Then," he said to himself, "I wonder what has become of the other three?" and he went at once to his tutor to ask the question.

"This is how it is," replied the master; "to punish men for their wickedness, God

has taken away the other three: so there is now no holy book but the Koran, and nobody who can save us except Mohammed." The master went away, and Hafis believed what he said was true.

Not long after, as he was taking a walk, attended by two black slaves, through the streets of Constantinople, he came to a man selling books, and he stopped to look at them. The title of an Arabic Bible caught his eye: he opened it, and behold, he saw the names of the very books which he had been told had vanished from the earth! Eagerly he asked the price—would gladly have paid twice the sum required; then, clasping his treasure, hurried home to his mother. She was as much surprised as he was at the cheapness of the book—of the true riches it contained she knew nothing.

And now, unknown to every one but his mother, the boy added this book to his other studies; night and day he searched the Scrip-

tures, and in two years had read them six times through. Suddenly, at last, divine light burst upon him, and he felt that the Koran was false and the Bible true. In a moment he sent for his tutor, and as he entered the room he rushed toward him, saying, "Now, if you tell me true, I will spare your life ; but if false, I will kill you."

"Speak," replied the astonished master. "What is it?"

"Should we worship the creature or the Creator?"

"The Creator, undoubtedly," replied the master.

"Then," said Hafis, "why do we leave the great God to worship Mohammed, who was only a sinner like ourselves?" And he proceeded to show out of the Bible that Mohammedanism was false.

The tutor was angry, and went at once to the father of Hafis, to acquaint him with what had passed.

The father hurried to his son.

“What is this I hear?” he said. “Who is this Saviour in whom you say you believe?”

“I believe in Jesus Christ,” replied Hafis; “for I find in my Bible that he it is, and not Mohammed, who is the Saviour of the world.”

His father seized him by the hair of his head, threw him down, and would perhaps have killed him, if his mother had not rushed in and interfered. She pleaded for her son, till at last the father consented to keep him as a kind of prisoner, apart from the rest of his family, hoping that in solitude he would come to another mind. And so, from the age of fourteen to seventeen, the Bible-loving boy was kept a prisoner in his own father's house. For seven months he was ill from the effects of the cruel treatment he had received, and when he recovered, his first thought was for his Bible. Alas! his father had burned it; and where was he to get another? His mo-



ther at last procured him one from the same man who sold him the first, and it was his solace and his comfort though those three weary years.

At length his father determined to send him on a pilgrimage to Mecca, in the hope that he might return a true Mohammedan. Mecca, as you perhaps have heard, being the birth-place of their prophet, is considered a holy city, and it is thought praiseworthy to visit it. So the youth set forth with a company who were bound for the same place. But he never saw that so-called holy city. His heart was thirsting for clearer light on his beloved Bible, for instruction in divine truth and for the society of Christians. He found means to escape, and joined another company going to Rome; where, he was told he would find the help he sought. But at Rome the priests took his Bible from him; and, disappointed but not discouraged, he set forth again.

We have not space to tell the whole of his wanderings: enough to say, God's eye was on him, and that he was all the while guiding him to those who would help him in his Christian life. He became at length an inmate of a Protestant college in Switzerland; and from thence he hopes, ere long, to visit his countrymen, preaching the Bible instead of the Koran, and the Lord Jesus Christ instead of Mohammed.

We can read our Bible in peace and quietness, none making us afraid. Do we value it? Do we love it? Do we pray for the Holy Spirit to enable us to understand it? Do we believe in the Saviour it reveals? Do we *use* it as did Hafis, the Turkish boy?

THE END.











